

# Apocalyptic Visions

by Gril

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Summary: The Master Chief and co. Cortana, Sarge Johnson, etc. crash land on an unknown planet and discover its secrets, one which could destroy the Covenant forever. Plus, a secret kept for many years about the forerunner, what REALLY happened to them. Rated T for

## 1. Chapter 1

Yo dudes, I used to write hp fics, but I've decided to write a halo one, well, at least tryâ€¦|

yourface13

**\*\*1825 hours, October 13, 2754 (revised date\*\***

**\*\*Military Calendar) Aboard UNSC vessel \*\***

**\*\*\_Pacifica,\_ Unknown Space Vector\*\***

The Master Chief, also known as Spartan 117 ran down the hall. All manner of UNSC soldiers were running past him and yelling. As he came to the bridge, he saw Captain Carson yelling at his men to charge and fire the MAC gun (A/N: that doesn't make sense, meaning magnetic acceleration cannon gun, lol) and too fire the Archer missile pods. The Chief jogged up to him, did a quick salute, which the captain returned, and then asked: "Your orders, Captain?" "We have Covenant vessels closing in on us from all sides, its one hell of a situation." Replied the middle-aged man. "I need-"but he didn't get to finish his sentence "Sir, Covenant boarding parties have landed!" shouted Lieutenant Siskel. "Your work is cut out for you, Chief" said the Captain. "Yes, sir." The Chief grabbed a Battle Rifle before quickly jogging out of the room. He entered the hallway in his stealth mind state, in other words, crouching low, battle rifle up, and stepping silently in his bulky MJOLNIR armor. "You know, you could just ask me for the ship's schematics" said Cortana "I decided to do this the old way" replied the Chief in his low, quiet voice. As

he rounded a corner, the sounds of Grunts shouting, plasma flying, and, to the Chief's relief, bullets firing. He ran down the hall and stopped at the corner, he silently looked around it, and saw a small barricade, manned by no more than ten marines, including Sergeant Johnson. "C'mon Marines, give 'em Hell!" yelled the black officer to the marines as he threw two frag grenades out at the mass of Grunts, and a few Jackals in the hall. They were outnumbered 5 to 1. Not bad odds, thought the Chief, he decided to make his move. He threw a frag grenade over the barricade and rolled behind the small carts that formed the barricade. He did this all as quickly as it would've taken a panther to swallow a mouse. In other words, he did this in the blink of an eye. "Glad to see you, Chief" said Johnson, we're givin' 'em hell, and more, but they just don't die." He rose above the barricade, fired a short burst of his battle rifle, and ducked back down as plasma soared over the carts. One of the marines stood up to fire a Jackhammer rocket, and was about to come back down when 15 bolts of plasma collided with his chest. They boiled right through him. He fell with a sickening thud to the metal floor of the ship.

**\*\*Just an announcement, I didn't finish Halo, or Halo 2, or First Strike, so I don't know the complete story. If anyone died that I mention now or in further chapters, I'm sorry, just bear with me peeps.\*\***

A voice echoed through the ship. "All UNSC troops rendezvous at Hanger 13." "All right Marines!" Yelled the Sergeant at his troops in his usual manner "Let's blow this scene. Throw two frags on my signal and retreat!" The Sergeant paused to grab his remaining grenades "Mark!" he yelled, 14 frags flew through the air and landed in the covenant mass. "Move, Marines!" yelled Sergeant Johnson. They sprinted full speed (except for the master chief) to the Hangar. They ran into a small group of 5 Covenant Grunts who didn't know what was happening and got kicked aside, and a few of them even died as the Chief and the Marines smacked their sensitive backs with the butts of their guns. They charged into the hangar at top speed and just skidded to a stop and saluted to none other than the renowned Fleet Admiral Whitcomb. The Admiral quickly saluted them, and said: "Come on, soldiers, no time for formalities, the Covenant have overrun the ship, and the self-destruct is about to go off, get in the escape pods, we're jettisoning. "Yes, sir!" all the crew of the \_Pacifica \_replied. As they all boarded, the Chief had one last look at the ship, which had been his home. At the words home, that soldier almost sobbed when he remembered Reach, his home where he had trained to become what he was. He stepped into the pod and strapped himself into a seat. The door closed, sealed. The Captain fired up the engines, and with a feeling as if they had dropped 100 meters, the pod launched out of the hangar.

Well, I hope you guys liked that, if my chapters are short, I'm sorry; I need to refine my ideas a bit, so it might be a while before I write another chappie.

-yourface13

PS- REVIEW!

Yo, I hope you liked my last chapter, anyway, this next one, may, or may not (I haven't decided yet) reveal the secret of the planet, which I have decided to callâ€|. You'll have to read to find out! Also, I've heard that my story is a lot like the original game, well, it changes, so again, bear with me.

Thanks for the review, JACCO, but about that, uhhhh, just think of this as an alternate universeâ€| Sorry about the plot holes

-yourface131 (don't ask about the yourface thing, I just like it)

\*\*1304 Hours, October 14 (revised date\*\*

\*\*Military Calendar) On unknown pla-\*\*

\*\*net.\*\*

The Chief woke very suddenly. So suddenly that he jumped up, grabbed his battle rifle, and shot two bursts at the wall of the cave he was in. "Jesus Christ, Chief, you scared the f---ng hell out of me!" exclaimed a familiar voice behind him. He turned to see the Fleet Admiral and Sergeant Johnson looking at him wide-eyed in a surprised sort of way. "My apologies." Said the Chief as he dropped his battle rifle and snapped a quick salute to the Admiral, which Whitcomb returned. "What happened?" Asked the Chief. "How the hell did I know you were going to ask that?" Muttered the Sarge. "We, as you can see if you step out of this cave, crash landed." Replied the Fleet Admiral, choosing to ignore Johnson's comment. "Almost no one survived. We sent the remaining 10 Marines out to scavenge for food on this desolate planet I've decided to callâ€|" "Unknown life forms inbound!" Exclaimed Cortana. "Chief, you have a new mission, the parameters are obvious." Said Whitcomb. "Yes, sir." He grabbed his trusty sidearm (we all know it's the br) And jogged nearly out of the cave. As he neared the entrance, he crouched down. As always, Cortana was right, he could see figures moving in the distance. He used his zoom and recognized them as 15 jackals. "I just hope they haven't found the scavenging party." Said Cortana worriedly. The Chief didn't answer, too busy loading his S2 AM Sniper Rifle. "I hope you're accurate with that." Said Cortana dubiously as she looked at the long barreled rifle. Again the Master Chief didn't reply, busy, this time, with aiming. It was quick, he shot 9 of the Jackals down before they were too close, and had the sense to ignite their plasma shields. At this point, he grabbed a Jackhammer launcher and shot the two rounds, killing 4 more. The last two brought out their plasma pistols, and fired. The chief felt his shields go down a bit, but he was too close, he smacked them with the Jackhammer launcher, and shot them both in the back of the head with his M90 Shotgun. Point Blanc. Blue blood splattered the sparsely vegetated ground. He got up, picked up their plasma pistols, his weapons, and headed back into the cave. "Don't tell us the details." Said the Admiral, "I don't want to know what you did to those sons of B---ches." The Chief threw the plasma pistols on the ground. Each of the officers picked one up. Just then, 8 of the ten Marines returned with some weeds and seemingly edible plants. "We were attacked." Said one, he was recognized by John (for those of you who don't know, which is a very small amount I bet, that's the chief's name) to be the weapons officer on the \_Pacifica\_, 1st Lieutenant Siskel. He said this before Johnson, the Chief, or Whitcomb could ask about the stains of blue and red blood on their

uniforms. "We were ambushed by a few Grunts. The reason they killed Corporal Skar and Private Taber is they had the element of surprise." "Alright, Chief, you have a new mission." Said the Admiral. The Chief snapped to attention. "Take a team of 2 other Marines, and explore this planet I have dubbed Themiarach VI. If there is Covenant presence, it must be important. Find out what's so important to the Covenant on Themiarach VI, and report back. If we can use it, bring it back. If not, destroy it. You have your orders." "Yes, sir." Said the Chief without hesitation. "Sergeant, if you're willingâ€" Began John. "I've got your back, Chief. Do you think I'm gonna decline a proposition to kick some serious Covenant ass?" Replied the Sarge in his usual savage tone. "Lieutenant Siskel, will you join our expedition?" Asked the Chief. "Yes, sir"

\*\*Again, this is where it changes, now they explore, they don't find the lifeboats.\*\*

\*\*4 Hours Laterâ€|\*\*

The Master Chief stopped as he reached the summit of a mountain. He surveyed the territory. Right then, a bolt of plasma came hurtling his way. He looked down to see Grunts and one Elite coming up the other side of the mountain, charging their weapons. Armed with only an M90 Shotgun and a Battle Rifle, the Chief prepared to battle. He took out his M90, and fired two rounds at the Grunts; he felled one with each shot. The Elite was a different story. He took out what Marines knew only as an "Energy Sword" and charged full speed at the Chief. John rolled to one side just in time, the Elite turned, and was just about to stab him in the chest when the sound of three M90 Shotgun rounds was heard and the Elite fell to the ground. Behind him, stood Johnson with the M90 in his hands. "Piece of fu----ing sh-t" he said, and spit on the Elite. He was panting from the hard climb up. Behind him came the Lieutenant, also panting. "What did I miss?" Siskel asked. "Nothing much." Replied the Master Chief. "Well, if this touching reunion is over, lets get going!" Said Johnson. The Master Chief didn't reply, as he was already sprinting down the mountain. "C'mon, Sir" Said Johnson. He and Siskel began to jog down the mountain. As they reached the bottom, they found the Master Chief lying down on the ground and concentrating very hard. "What's up, Chief?" Asked Johnson. "Get down!" whispered the Chief. The two officers obeyed, respecting the Chief's expertise on the battlefield and not questioning him. They soon saw the reason for the Chiefs strange actions. Covenant troops, thousands of them were marching east. Grunts, Jackals, Elites, and even the fierce blue Hunters ran toward some target in the distance. The three humans looked toward the east and saw a large wreckage far away. "That must be the \_Pacifica\_" Whispered Sergeant Johnson. "Apparently there are survivors, and they're putting up a hefty resistance." Speculated Siskel. "There's no way we can help them, they're doomed." Said the Chief, with a pang of sadness as he remembered his fellow Spartans, and their efforts that had been in vain. "On the bright side." Said Johnson, interrupting Johns thoughts. "We know that whatever is important to the Covenant is in the west." The Chief reprimanded himself for not thinking of that. The Covenant would be based around what they wanted to guard. Where else would a legion like this come from? "Alright, soldiers, lets move!" Said Siskel, the ranking officer. "Yes, sir" replied the Chief and Johnson at the same time. They started at a run for Siskel and Johnson. In the case of the Chief, this was a light jog, a \_very\_ light jog. After ten minutes of silence, the two non-Spartans slowed down, and came to a walk. John

did as well. They all looked into the distance. What they saw was one big tower, and closer, two Hunters. They were heading in their direction. "Alright, lets give him something to think about." Said Sergeant Johnson. "Right, hit the orange flesh between the armor plates." Said the Chief. "Don't you worry 'bout me" said Johnson. They spread out, Battle Rifles at the ready. "Alright, Chief, I hope you can beat the Sâ€"t out of that one." Said Johnson, pointing to the Hunter on the left. "Yes, sir." John said. "Sarge, you and I take this one" said the Lieutenant. The Hunters were within firing range. John heard a charging sound, and then the sound of their fuel rod guns firing. He saw the green coming toward him. He rolled. The place where he had been standing a second earlier was a crater. He brought his rifle up, but the Hunter swatted it away as if it were no more than a piece of plastic instead of a heavy rifle. The Hunter was trying to crush him, but the Chief had his M90 Shotgun out. "See you in hell." He said, and shot each eye once through the little slits. The Hunter howled, let him go, and toppled to the ground. Meanwhile, on the other Hunter, Siskel and Johnson weren't having any luck. They were circling around it, just avoiding it's plasma blasts, and the swinging of its shield. John joined the circle. The Hunter got confused, and charged at the first person he saw: The Sarge. As the huge alien swung around, he swatted the Chief with his shield. Johnson was taken by surprise, and thrown back, winded. Siskel came up, and melee the Hunter straight on the fleshyest part of his body, the back. He just ran up, took his shot gun out, and smacked it. In hunters, this is a major nerve center, so when hit by anything hard, it breaks. The Hunter, now unable to use his legs, arms, or anything below his shoulders, fell backwards. Right on top of Lieutenant Siskel. "Sâ€"t!" Yelled Johnson, and ran forward. The Chief got up and ran forward as well. They tried to lift the alien up, but it was to no avail. Lieutenant Siskel had been crushed by the Hunter. "Alright, Chief" said Johnson without emotion, but the Chief saw the pain in his eyes. John was glad that Johnson couldn't see the grief in his. "Lets keep moving, or else the Covenant will spot us" he said, relieved that his voice didn't betray his sadness. But they already had. They were surrounded. An Elite who seemed to be their leader said something, that through the Master Chiefs translators meant: Drop your weapons, Infidels. Demon Infidel in the green armor, put hands on head." Said the Golden-armored Elite. Johnson and the Chief did as they were told. At this moment, the Chief remembered something said to him a long time ago, by an old friend. . .

Flashback from \_The Fall of Reach\_, Page 100, By Eric Nylund

\_The Chief gathered his hat, spotted John, and walked to him. He nodded at the hologram of the scorched colony, harvest, still rotating in the air. "One final lesson, Petty officer," he said. "What tactical options do you have when attacking a stronger opponent?" "Sir!" John said. "There are two options. Attack swiftly and with full force at their weakest pointâ€"take them out quickly before they have the chance to respond." "Good," he said. "And the other option?" "Fall back," John replied. "Engage in guerrilla actions or get reinforcements." The Chief sighed. "Those are the correct answers," he said, "but it may not be enough to be the correct this time. Sit, please." John sat, and the Chief settled next to him on the riser. "There's a third option that others may eventually consider. . . ." "Sir?" "Surrender," the Chief whispered. "That, however, is never an option for the likes of you and me. We don't have the luxury of backing down." He glanced up at Harvestâ€"a

glittering ball of glass. "And I doubt that an enemy like this will  
\*\*let\*\* us surrender."\_

The Master Chief's thoughts rushed back to the present. The flashback had taken two seconds. \_Never Surrender\_ he thought. He grabbed his battle rifle, and shot three bursts at the golden armored Elite, who dodged, and brought out his energy sword (A/N: My friends and I like calling it the rapestick, don't ask why) and charged at the Chief, making a sign at the rest of his troops to not intervene. He and the Chief circled slowly, the Chief ducked suddenly as the Elite came diving at him, but as he got back up, an Elite from the circle grabbed him. The Chief, taking the less intelligent Elite by surprise, flipped him over, and grabbed his Energy Sword. Another Elite stepped out, and shot the one who had been flipped by the master chief. Blue-Purple blood oozed out of the wound. The Elite twitched, and died. The Chief ignited the energy sword. Now they were both armed. The Golden Elite and the Chief circled once more. They charged at the same time. Their swords clashed once, and sputtered slightly. They were locked together, both straining for the upper hand. The Chief finally threw him off, and as the Elite attempted to get up, he ran him through with his sword. He straightened up, His suit's gel oozed from a few plasma cuts. As one, all the Covenant charged toward the Chief, but did not shoot. He heard many shouts of: "The Holy One wants the Infidel alive!" As if telling them to be careful. He was hit on the back of the head, and then he was falling, falling, falling. . . .

The Chief woke up later, he wasn't sure how many minutes and hours specifically, but he noticed that it was night time on the Themiararch VI. He was being carried, apparently by Grunts, noticing his small distance from the ground. Suddenly, he came into a very brightly lit room, and was brought before something. An Elite. No, it couldn't be an Elite, it was dressed in some kind of robe, holding a staff, and guarded by at least 50 Golden Elites, and 20 Hunters. No, this was no Elite. And suddenly, the being spoke, in a slightly deep voice. "You are the Demon, are you not?" It asked. "I'm no Demon." He said, still getting used to the room. He then noticed that his helmet had been taken off, and this, this, creature was speaking English. "Then who are you?" The blue-skinned being asked. "I don't give information to the likes of you, you Elite." The creature gave a laugh, and said: "I am no Elite. I am the-" But at that moment, the Chief heard the noise of Pelican engines, and a weird shout, and once again, he fell into blackness.

Well, I hope you liked this chapter more than the other one. I sure think it's better, not to mention longer. Anyway, I have GOOD Ideas for the next chapter, and beyond.

-Yourface131, or gril

End  
file.